

# THE BLETCHLEY Bugle

Issue 11 DECEMBER 2014

\$B1.00

Straight to the point!

**GAMAGES**  
Only a short time to Christmas!  
National Headquarters for Meccano,  
Hornby Trains & Speedboats.  
WILL STAGE THE GREATEST  
CHRISTMAS BAZAAR  
EVER SEEN IN LONDON  
Bazaar opens November 13  
CHAPMAN'S  
FAMOUS CIRCUS  
WILL BE HERE

**FREE CHRISTMAS SONGBOOK WITH THIS ISSUE**

H U G H B R I S S



**He's a mischievous one.**

A SID SIDEWINDER FILM

## THE GRINCH

WATCH OUT THIS CHRISTMAS

BLETCHLEY PARK PICTURES AND MCAFFEE PRESENT A SUZUKI PRODUCTION HUGH BRISS THE GRINCH MAJOR TOADY HEADMISTRESS TOMMY BRIGGS GESTAPO LIL KELISHA GRIFFIN BOMBARDIER BORVWN NOSE  
NARRATED BY JONNY SCARLET CASTING BY LEE HUISH B.P.T. JOHN SLUGG B.P.T. MUSIC COMPOSED BY A TOADY MUSIC SUPERVISOR DENNIS FALVEY SPECIAL MAKE UP EFFECT BY ROBERT LOVESLY MOVIE SCENE OFF PRODUCER DON THE GARDENER



Mind Twinkies  
Media

DREAMWORKS  
PICTURES

UNIVERSAL



FILTHY FILM  
Proudly Producing High Quality Crap  
SINCE 2001

dts-HD  
Master Audio





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Rufus T Firefly

**BLETCHLEY BUGLE EDITORIAL**  
Tel: 01908 640404. Fax: 01908 272684  
rufustfirefly@bletchleybugle.co.uk  
Room 43 The Mansion  
Bletchley Park  
Milton Keynes MK3 6EB

**SUBSCRIPTIONS**  
Room 43, The Mansion, Bletchley Park.  
Tel: 01908 640404. Fax: 01908 272684  
To subscribe visit [www.bletchleybugle.co.uk](http://www.bletchleybugle.co.uk)  
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Please include your surname, postcode or subscription reference on emails  
**SUBSCRIPTION RATES**  
\$B28 per annum. Rest of the world £0.001  
**Published** by Pondlife Press MK3 6EB  
**Printed** by various people  
**distributed** by lots of people

Rufus Rambles

This year, you may be wondering about the carbon equation of a Christmas tree. You may have replaced the old incandescent Christmas lights and their crazed, fragile bulbs with strands of L.E.D.'s that turn from green to blue. You may have given each other newly planted trees on the edge of the rain forest or traded the promise of future services with your friends.

This may be the Christmas when you wonder, or are forced to find out, just how much of the material Christmas you can leave behind.

It may be the one that redefines Christmas entirely — for better or worse.

If you look back at the photos of Christmas 50 years ago — not that long a time, really — you can see what a simple place it once was. What you wanted for Christmas was a very short list of possibilities, and what you got was usually the single most possible thing on the list, plus a few of the articles your mother thought you needed. The intent was the same as it is now, more or less, but the means were so much fewer.

You may be finding a way to a new and simpler Christmas this year, but that was once the usual kind of Christmas. What it comes down to, perhaps, is saving Christmas from the idea that Christmas will save us — that the shopping we do this season will keep the economy afloat or give us the buoyancy we need for the coming year.

But, really, Christmas needs no saving. It does not exist apart from what we make of it. And, on its own, it cannot save us, though it contains the gestures of generosity and thankfulness that are halfway to being a better person, a richer community. Christmas is all the better for being a simple place, nothing more, perhaps, than two red cardinals, male and female, against the backdrop of a snowy field. They are there every day. The only difference is that today it feels like Christmas.

In conclusion The Bletchley Bugle staff wishes all of our readers a very happy Christmas and hopefully a more prosperous new year then we had in 2014



Bugle Earth



This months photograph was sent in by วัล of ยุไนลิสแล้วจ้าอ๊อ, Thailand. She spotted the Bugle whilst Christmas Shopping.

“Ive เห็นแตร เดอะการ์เดียนใน Facebook, Youtube, อิตาลี, แคนาดา, อินเดีย และตอน นี้ ที่ สิงคโปร์ กรุงด์ปรี ผมตื่นเต้น !”

The race was apparently delayed as electronic copies of the Bugle had found their way to the pits and promptly went viral, causing a delay in the drivers arriving at the starting line

วัล will be rewarded this month with 100 Bletchley Bucks.

If you Spot the Bugle anywhere in the World, Please take a photo and send in to the usual address.

**The Mighty Cod OF CONDUCT**  
*Has declared from this day*

**If Ye Createth a book, Thou Shalt Giveth over ye Copyright**

**Toady**

SO OUR NEW INTERN IS A BIT TOO KEEN TO INTEGRATE HIMSELF WITH US?

YES...

IT'S UNDERSTANDABLE THAT HE WANTS TO BE ACCEPTED AS PART OF THE TEAM BUT HES ONLY 21 AND HIS PRESENCE IN A WORLD-CLASS HERITAGE SITE IS JUST AN ANNOYANCE.

FRANKLY I THINK WE'D ALL RATHER HE KEPT HIS OPINIONS, INSIGHTS AND ADVICE TO HIMSELF.....

SO THAT'S THE SUZUKI YOU'RE HOPING TO BUY WITH NEXT YEARS BONUS? I HAVE ONE OF THOSE AND IT SUFFERS FROM A BIT OF OVERSTEER...

SHUT UP!!!

YES, EMPLOYING ANOTHER FAILED TEACHER IS RATHER A LIABILITY....



# BP BEAR CAUGHT SHITTING IN WOODS



Bletchley Park Shop staff have been left reeling after the star of its Christmas merchandise was caught on camera defecating in a heavily wooded area.

The Bletchley Park bear was seen by campers carelessly discarding faeces in an area families often use for picnics, seemingly unaware of those watching and filming him.

Nature walker Simon Williams told us, “Honestly, he didn’t seem to care that we could easily see him – he just decided to squat there and take a shit. Brazen as you like without a care in the world.”

“I know he’s famous now, like Justin Bieber or Lady Gaga, but that’s just disgusting. People eat food in that area.”

“He didn’t look very happy either, but then neither would I if I’d been woken from hibernation by an annoying hare that didn’t understand animal physiology.”

## Bletchley Park Shop

However the up-market retailer has defended their star, saying the pressure of fame was likely to have impacted his normal behavior.

A spokesperson told us, “Being in the public eye is very difficult. One minute you’re asleep in your cave, then next you’re being rudely awoken to be sold as a Christmas gift.”

“He’s probably a bit sleepy, maybe even sleep-walking. Bears aren’t supposed to be woken from hibernation for advertising purposes. Did you know that?”

They went on, “The important thing here is that we all embrace the Bletchley Park Christmas message.”

“Buying an alarm clock for an animal that could quite literally die if it doesn’t sleep through winter is perfectly acceptable as long as there’s a profit margin to be had.”

“Merry Christmas.”

# AND NOW FOR SOMETHING COMPLETELY DIFFERENT

ERNSTJANSSEN.- Enigma operator - U330

I was just coming up to seventeen, and had just finished my apprenticeship as a joiner and carpenter. I’d just got my certificate to say I had passed out as a qualified carpenter and had about a week at home when I was brought into the Navy. That was Wilhelmshaven, my hometown where the U-boats were built in the first place, then they moved to St. Lazier where they were serviced. My father was also in the Navy as an Offizier, but he looked after diesel engines, he was a specialist. He was also in France in my time – we would talk on the telephone at times.

After the First World War, during the recession, my father was out of work for about 8 years, but so was everyone else. But from the moment Hitler reopened the shipyard, everyone was back in work – you don’t bite the hand that feeds you – whether or not you believe in the Party. Hitler did do a lot of good things, like building the Autobahns and getting people back into work, but then he got ideas of grandeur.

I was very interested in radiotelegraphy and I used to go to the naval barracks once a week and do radio telegraphy as a youngster. I expect the idea was that they would have wireless operators in reserve so to speak. So the moment I was called up, I was sent to Holland to the Isle of Texal for a short period, then to Bologne to the wireless bunker, the sea commandant – the Admiral of Pas de Calais had his headquarters where all the messages came in. From there I went to St Lazier and got on a boat and learnt the ropes of how to operate an Enigma. From there we went out to the North Atlantic.

We mostly operated in the Denmark Straits, waiting for convoys to come from Archangel’s through the Denmark Strait, either down to England or wherever, and we would pick them off. That was the period September 1941 to October 1944.

We had two qualified radio operators; I was the top man of the two. We took it in turns, four hours on and four hours off. I slept in the wireless cabin, such as it was, it was only a small room, with a table and the apparatus. Actually, I slept on two depth charges, which were put there in case we had to submerge and were captured. The captain would give the order, for the codebooks and everything else, to go. We got 50 seconds or something like that to go. That was my concern, the log and the codebooks – that was the last thing they wanted to fall into enemy hands. All the other secret instructions, which I didn’t know about – were the captain’s concern. He would look after getting rid of that, luckily it didn’t come to that.

We had a day code of course, which changed at midnight. If you got up at midnight and received a message, that message would still be OK for that particular day’s code. But if it was after midnight, then the new code would come in. Every day had a different setting. The First Offizier would check to see that everything was in order. If we surfaced at midnight we would use the settings from the previous day. On my particular boat we only had the one Enigma, a 4-rotor machine. We had a 3-rotor for a time, then in 1942 we changed to the 4-rotor. We had some new instructions so changing over was no problem. No retraining or anything like that.

The weather code didn’t really affect us all that much. We also received the Short Weather 3 letter code, but after 50 odd years I can’t remember the circumstances. It was mainly for shipping of course, so they would know if they were going to run into heavy weather it would slow the convoys down, which would make it easier for us. The weather came through usually about 10 o’clock in the evening, it was called the Baltar, which means the ballistic day message. It mainly concerned captains on board ships and gunnery offiziers on board ships, because, believe it or not, affects many things including projectiles quite considerably. Air temperature, moisture, wind speed and density of the air, you would think a projectile would just cut through it – but it doesn’t. If you fire from here to there, you have to allow for wind speed and the moving target of course. So that’s what the weather forecast was all about.

When you expected bad weather in the forecast, we would lie ‘doggo’ because you could only get up at night when it was overcast, otherwise you would stick out like a sore thumb. If you operated in coastal waters, or within the range of English or American aircraft, you could be spotted below the surface with the periscope up, they could see the shadow of the boat quite clearly, as any airman will tell you.

So at nights we surfaced to recharge our batteries, get a bit of fresh air and have a smoke. Being the Senior Service our provisions were very good and we always had plenty to eat. When we came back from a trip, hopefully in a week for some more torpedoes, then we would jettison the provisions we hadn’t got to. We did that by slipping it into a torpedo tube and shooting it out. It was a crying shame considering the millions of people who were starving. Otherwise after a check we would only receive enough to top us up.

When we came back to port in France I had some Army friends and knew they had some very poor food rations. They had been on the Russian Front and had come back to France for some rest, but they had the minimum of food. We were always glad that we could take them a pat of butter or a tin of boiled bacon or something like that.



Letters



Dear Rufus

Mein name is Wolfgang Heindrich Schmidt. I have 93 years age. I vas cipher clerk stationed in Greece in Athens.

Mine task vas to encode and decode ze verry secret messages on ze Lorenz machine.

I vas on duty on ze 30th August 1941. I haf been on duty for 39 hours mitout sleep and tired verry I vas.

All ze other cipher clerks that vorked mit me had ze syphillis from ze local gipsy girls unt ver in hospital. I vas ordered to send verry long most important message to Vienna. Mine Kommandant vas in mood bad. Ze tape reader had not vorked for three days as ze engineer had the pox also and could not repair it,so all messages had to be done by hand. I vas verry tired and zis message took time long. Zen Vienna said message received properly not, send again. Ze kommandant vent mad. He vas shouting and vaving his pistol. He ordered me to send it again at vonce. I said I had to reset machine to new position. He yelled no time send it now mit out delay or I vill shout you here now. I had choice no, I knew it was security breach to use positions two times. but ze kommandant vas hitting me mit his stick. I typed as quick as I could and to finish quickly I shortened vords where I could. Ze second time the message received good, but I knew it was shorted. Mine kommandant left cipher office as last. I am informed that codebreakers at Bletchley Park have the freedom of the park. As my messages to colossus led please may I have freedom of ze park for my important contribution.

Mine doctor says I must travel not, please say yes while I am still alive.

Wolfgang

Dear Rufus

Casually perusing the Trip Advisor web site, I noticed that no one at BP bothers to answer any criticism from visitors, however well intentioned or constructive it might be. Whereas, the Milton Keynes Museum answer all comments from their visitors, good, bad or indifferent. Why do you think that is?

Yours sincerely  
Arthur Bogbrush  
Wolverton Mill

Dear Mr Bogbrush,

Yes, something we at the Bugle have noticed as well. I expect that the staff at the MK Museum are more ‘old school’,

certainly more established and know the value of good PR. Which, when you think of it explains why they are rated third in local attractions against BP’s fifth. As BP now considers itself a world-class attraction it’s probably considered below them to admit there are any problems. No such pretentiousness with the MK Museum thankfully. Hopefully 2014 will bring a more positive outlook but knowing the Draconian methods employed the the Park, I somewhat doubt it.

Regards  
Rufus



Welcome to our new trip advisor column, each month we will bring you the highlights of each months postings: here are the latest and greatest from our esteemed visitors:

Bletchley is a hugely important location, but it has been divided up between most of the site and Block H (The National Museum of Computing) (the result of an inability to agree a joint ticketing arrangement) and a number of other site tenants have had to move out. Now whilst I understand why, I think the loss of some of these exhibits (MKARS, The Model Railway Group) lessens the overall experience, and why are some other groups (Model Boats, Toys) allowed to stay? It was much better 10 years ago when the site felt less ‘discovered’. I’m no fan of multimedia audio guides and HLF funded museum layouts tend to oversimplify the experience and overdo the ‘modern’ interpretation. Bletchley has lost some of its charm, which is why I have given it such a poor rating. Also, the restoration of some of the huts creates a fake pastiche - give me unrestored buildings anyday over pastiche reconstructions. The staff and the food was all very good, but the site is becoming just another museum.

L&P Visited November 2014



Great excitement in the department recently. When idly browsing the web, Sid Sidewinder came across an advert under Job Opportunities for a Research Historian. This had been put up by the Headmistress who wanted suitable applications to be on her desk by 14th November. Obviously a ploy to expand her empire and make the Education Department the biggest and best directorate with BP. After glancing at the requirements to fill the post, Sid was of the opinion this was right up his street. Everything anyone wanted to know about BP was out there on the web or already in

archives, Wikipedia and Codes&Ciphers immediately sprung to mind. And even if either of them didn’t have it, Bletchley Parks own Archive Department or the guides own library certainly would.

Pen to paper time. A CV of no more than three pages would be a bit of a challenge, as it was difficult to think of anything after three paragraphs. However, being a man of the world and self-confessed expert on everything BP did during the war, a two pages summary of interest was more like it and could easily run into five or more pages. Two referees could also prove a bit difficult as most of his mates, although well known (to the police at least) would probably be questioned as to their suitability as referees.

All of a sudden the penny dropped. This is nothing more than a ‘JOB FOR THE BOYS’ being dressed up as something new...! The only thing to do now is to run a book on the successful applicant. Sid can be found at his usual haunts, C Block Café or behind A Block Bike shed and is offering some very attractive odds – but not on Major Toady, that is an eye watering odds on bet.



The Headmistress has lately been fed up with seeing Sid Sidewinder mooning about the place and seemingly spending most of the day chatting up younger members of the department - which unfortunately did not include herself.

Thinking she could make good use of his talent she asked him to identify some spaces in B Block that could be used as offices for her rapidly expanding empire. This didn’t take Sid long, without getting out of his chair in the kitchen he quickly thought of just about everything on the mezzanine floor below. Opposite Classroom 3 is the reenactment Command Post which must be well past its sell by date - after all didn’t they come second...? Then further on there’s the very dodgy looking ladies undergarments tossed casually over the bed, Tracy Emin comes to mind, and pointless. The prewar classroom consists of a few clapped out chairs and desks which would be better off in a real museum. Seeing as the Toy Collection, Churchill Collection, Vehicles, Cinema and everything else that made Bletchley Park what it was have gone, or about to be tossed aside - why not this stuff. Making sure all the new staff have somewhere comfortable to sit at a PC and play Solitaire all day is much more important.

This is just the sort of thinking the Headmistresses appreciates, well done Sid, you have earnt your ticket for the Christmas Bash!



CHRISTMAS PERFUME ADVERT DECIPHERED

"TRUE HISTORY" OF BP REVEALED

HAVE YOU BEEN NAUGHTY OR NICE?

The meaning behind a pre-Christmas perfume advertisement has been successfully decoded for the first time in television history, it has been revealed.



An expert team of academics, working with some of Britain’s top code breakers and cryptanalysts, spent the last seven years studying and dissecting a pre-production commercial for this season’s must-have scent: ‘Labrynthé’ by Dior.

Project leader and leading psychological analyst Professor Derek Stapleford said that his team were ‘over the moon’ to have cracked the code in time for Christmas. ‘It’s a major achievement,’ he told a packed press conference, ‘for the first time we have been able to give consumers at least half a chance to work out just what the hell is going on.’

The announcement is doubly important due to the fact that the Christmas campaign for ‘Labrynthé’ has been billed as the most impenetrable perfume ad to date. ‘A shaved Labrador covered in gold paint being pulled on a trolley through a featureless white room whilst a toddler dressed as Elvis drops jars of marmalade from a giant disco ball, accompanied by an operatic version of the Lambeth Walk, should be enough to baffle Alan Turing, but my team have proved that even this utterly baffling tosh can be cracked at last.’

After comparing the advert with tens of thousands of cultural references, memes and zeitgeists Stapleford and his team spent several months locked in a special room at Bletchley Park, where the intelligence community’s most top-secret advanced code-breaking techniques were employed to unravel the conundrum.

As the country waited with baited breath, Stapleford revealed that the message behind the ‘Labrynthé’ advert was ‘confusing, surprising, yet ultimately informative’ and meant, simply: ‘perfume smells nice, so buy some for your missus if you can’t think of anything else. Oh, and I’d take that negligée back if I were you...’

Following the revelation in the this month's Bugle that the Leons are to be exterminated I have come across this draft of the "True History" of BP. This is to be the new "approved", "sanitised" and Standonically correct and only version to be learned word perfect by all staff and volunteers.

1. The red brick farmhouse was acquired in 1883 by Sir Leon Standon and his wife Lady Standon
2. They added the front and side elevations to reflect the most outstanding military architecture that they encountered giving their battlefield tours, and as a tribute to the best military architects in the world.
3. When their estate was put up for auction after they had both died Faulkner Standon and partners purchased it for housing.
4. Then Captain Ridley alias Denniston Standon forced them to sell to his boss Admiral Sinclair Standon.
5. Many Standon relatives were brought in to man the early codebreaking attempts.
6. Most notable were Turing Standon and Dilly Standon.
7. Valuable help was given by the Polish branch of the extended family as Rejewski Standon and hir cousins provided valuable information about the Enigma machine.
8. Turing Standon single handedly turned this information into the concept of the BOMBE machine.
9. The 211 BOMBES were designed by Dr Keen Standon and were assembled at the Standon Tabulating Company factory at Letchworth.
10. These messages were rushed to BP and given to the chief codebreaker Tiltman Standon
11. Over several weeks Tiltman Standon got out the original message.
12. This was given to his nephew Tutte Standon to work on. By the greatest intellectual achievement in WW" a Standon worked out the workings of the Lorenz machine.
13. At the Standon research laboratories at Dollis Hill in London the Standon Tunny machine was built.
14. A brilliant electronics engineer named Flowers Standon was brought in and together with Turing Standon who developed the mathematics algorithms and Tilman Standon and Tutte Standon who both made very valuable contributions the Standon Colossus was built and worked
15. As Churchill put "Never in the annals of human history has so much been owed by so many to one family"

An unsubstantiated rumour has reached this reporters ears that the CEO was overheard recently dictating a letter to Santa Claus. The gist of the letter centred on the BPT’s desire to gain access to the personal email records and telephone records of both the paid and volunteer staff.

In the wake of the Governments proposed change in the law on access to private communications BPT have concluded that it would, given the past nature of the site, be in their interest to use the new law to keep a closer eye on staff. This, they opine, would help them discover who is responsible for, amongst other things, the production and printing of the Bletchley Bugle and who is responsible for the recent BBC broadcasts. Having failed to get the Home Secretaries permission to do this Col Briss has gone over the Home Offices head and contacted Santa directly.

The North Pole has had the facility to intercept all communications for some time now and use the facility to update their Naughty and Nice list.

It seems to this reporter that Col Hugh Briss has the desire to control both the thoughts and actions of staff and volunteers not just while they are on duty at the park doing their work but while in their homes as well. Sounds remarkably similar to another, slightly more charismatic dictator and control freak, infamous for having a rather silly haircut and tiny moustache, and I am not talking about Father Christmas!

BTP already have lists of both full time and volunteer staff’s telephone numbers, mobile numbers and email addresses. All that is required to access them is the 4 number pin for voice mail records and passwords for email accounts. We all know how easy it was for certain Sunday newspapers to access voice mails and most email accounts are equally easy to hack! Ask Mc Vitties!!

Although this publication does not condone emails of an inflammatory or offensive nature being sent or forwarded it can offer these words of advice. Be careful when forwarding emails. The email address of everyone who has forwarded the email is kept as an addition on the message you forward. Your email will also be stored within the message. If it is forwarded by whoever you send it too then your email address and all those you sent it to will also be forwarded. If you feel you must forward an email best advice is to set up an anonymous email address in a fake name then copy and paste the message into it before sending. All addresses are then removed and kept secret.

I write this in the knowledge that as a contributor to the Bugle I am already on the naughty list so have nothing to lose.



BPT! Here it is at last.

Your special cut-out-and-keep

SINCERE APOLOGY

✂ - - - - -

After 10 months of publishing, it has come to our attention that any publication created by a member of the Bletchley Park staff, be they paid or voluntary, must turn over the copyright to BPT.

We at Pondlife Press deeply apologize to the trust for this heinous breach of protocol.

We have been in touch with the National Archives at Kew and have informed them they are also in breach of the parks protocol as they hold in their archives material produced by past members of staff.

Finally President Obama would like to apologize on behalf of the American people for producing various documents during WW2. They were not aware of any breach of protocol at that time.

- - - - -

Park Plans Turkey Checks

Bletchley Park Management are planning a zero tolerance campaign to catch volunteers out who have had a turkey dinner after the official deadline of midnight on January 6th.

Highly accurate Turkelyzer kits have been ordered by Park Directors earlier this week. The kits incorporate an automatic taser gun which disorientates the volunteers while handcuffs are applied. “We know where you live,” said a seasonal meat enforcement officer this morning. “We are determined to drive every turkey dealer off the streets from midnight on the 6th January.”

“There is a popular misconception that turkey nuggets are a legal recreational meal and quite openly eat them after the 6th January,” said an evening meal toady last night.

“These nuggets are sold to lead vulnerable people onto turkey and onion sandwiches and before you know it, you could be eating Turkey dinners with sprouts and roast potatoes, even sage and onion stuffing in mid July. I’ve seen some pretty heartbreaking cases of individuals giving children sprouts and parsnips in February. People end up not washing up properly and using dirty infected knives and forks. They blow the week’s housekeeping budget on a couple of turkeys which are mostly gone by Wednesday and end up going cold turkey for the rest of the week.”

The Bard



In many countries around the world the first and sometimes only introduction you get to the local wildlife is the sight of ‘road kill’ scattered on and beside the roads you drive down. Most of us feel very unhappy about that especially when it is an iconic animal such as Deer, Moose, Hedgehog, Kangaroo, Wombat, etc. Then you hear of drivers who, seeing an animal that will not do their car damage, actually target the animal who has had the temerity to challenge their ownership of the road.

So what has this to do with our Bletchley Park experience? Well I would suggest that volunteers have become road kill especially as seen through the eyes of Hugh Briss. He will and does target any animal, sorry volunteer or collection owner, who has the temerity to challenge his ownership, vision, of the way ahead. He has deliberately turned the wheel and targeted those in his way, on his road, and has had no remorse at the casualties he has caused. They say as you can’t see into the future (the road ahead) all you can do to steer through life is look in the rear view mirror at the carnage left in your wake. Hugh Briss continues to target, hoping to see in his wake, those few rare breed animals, volunteers and collection owners, still clinging on at BP occasionally chalking up a new victim.

Now I am firmly of the belief that being a volunteer is essentially taking part in a two way trade, with the volunteer and the recipient of that volunteering both benefiting in a variety of ways from that trade. Just as in any balanced relationship part of that is putting up with the limitations and idiosyncrasies of each other. It is not slave ownership or the old armed forces concept of volunteering where, when the call went up for volunteers, you knew there was a high likelihood that you would not survive the task.

So now you know how Hugh Briss sees you, as road kill or potential road kill. Volunteering was never so risky and the only real evidence of the local wildlife, collection owners and volunteers, is the evidence of the road kills you see by the side of the road to BP’s future. He should get a lifetime ban from driving on this evidence.



It was Christmas night in the mansion,  
the volunteers were standing about;  
And the CEO, a cruel man,  
had threatened to throw them out.  
The sky was dark and heavy,  
snow lay on the ground,  
And the CEO, a cruel man,  
cried, “Not another sound!”

Then he sat down at his table  
filled with bread and meat,  
And jam and jelly and pudding,  
and all for him to eat.  
The volunteers they were starving  
and tears came to their eyes  
As they watched him gobbling  
turkey and potatoes and fresh mince pies.

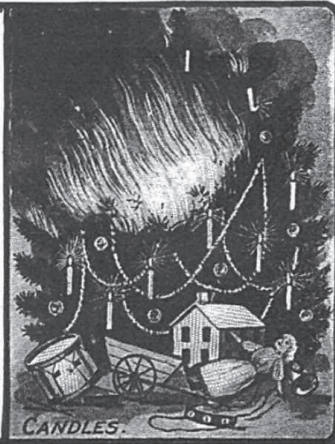
Their bellies ached with hunger,  
their hearts cried out for food,  
But the CEO, a cruel man,  
would not do what he should.  
Till at last, a starving steward  
went up with cap in hand,  
And stood beside his table  
and faced him, man to man.

“What do you want, you little wretch?  
Why are you standing there?”  
“Please, sir, I’d like some pudding,  
if you’ve a piece to spare.  
We’ve got to have some food, sir,  
or it might mean our end;  
And you’ve really got enough,  
sir, to fill the mouths of ten.”

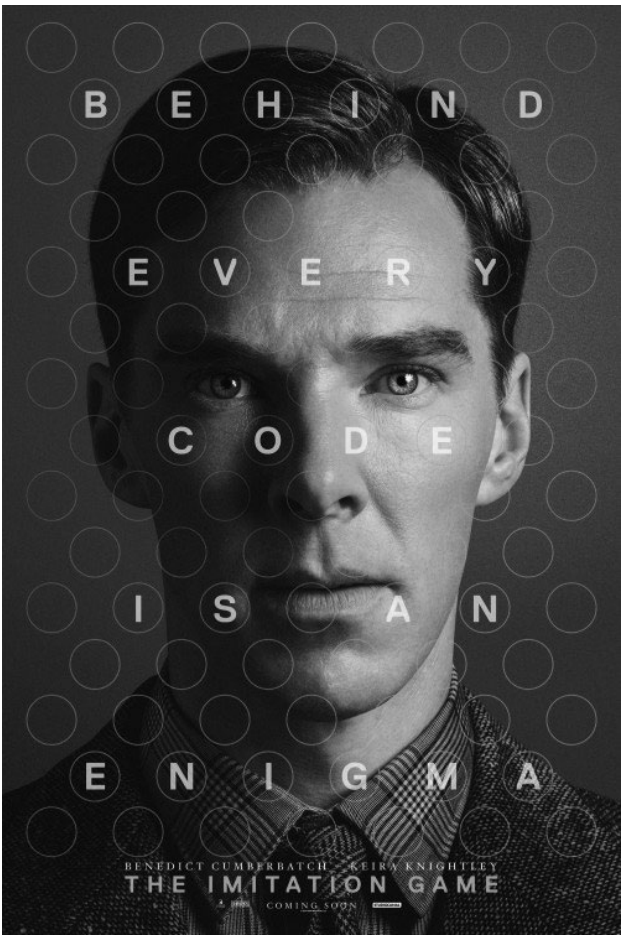
The CEO was angry, and his eyes began to shine.  
He bellowed, “Get your own food!  
You’re getting none of mine!”  
The steward was on his knees now,  
and these words came from his soul,  
“You can take your Christmas’ pud’  
and shove it up your hole!”



NO DANGER  
from the Lights on  
**CHRISTMAS TREES**  
when **Edison Miniature Lamps** are used.  
No Smoke, Smell or Grease.  
Lamps can be either bought or rented at a low cost.  
Anyone can readily wire and put up the lamps if there is  
electric current in the house.  
*Our leaflet on Christmas Lighting tells all about it.*  
**EDISON DECORATIVE AND  
MINIATURE LAMP DEPT.**  
General Electric Company,  
Harrison, N. J.







November 14th saw the general release of the much expected Imitation game. I did receive a generous invitation from the Park to be a ‘test subject’ 2 weeks or so before, I declined. After all I do have to keep some standards. So what would I say about this news blockbuster?

Well, The Imitation Game is the kind of film that in a different era would have been a solid studio programmer but now feels rare enough to be a glorified Oscar contender. That’s not a dismissal of its worth (it’s a mostly solid drama with a few great scenes), nor an appraisal of its Oscar chances (that’s reserved for the “box office” section), but an acknowledgment of the film’s purpose. But putting aside the Oscar-related politics, it’s a mostly sturdy drama about a rather interesting turning point in British and arguably worldwide history. But despite its solid production values and mostly strong acting, it is another reminder that so-called “prestige pictures” can be every bit as formulaic as the latest superhero sequel or romantic comedy.

The film concerns the efforts of one Alan Turing (Benedict Cumberbatch) and a group of fellow math and cartography geniuses to crack the seemingly un-crackable “Enigma” code that the Germans were using to send coded messages during World War II. While the initial intention was merely to decipher the code through old-school code-breaking, Turing quickly turned the program’s focus toward a machine that the reclusive genius hoped could quickly unscramble the messages on a reoccurring basis. And that’s basically the crux of the story. It is to the film’s benefit that there is something of a ticking-clock scenario built-in, with each new failure or delay of course resulting in the continued death and destruction of allied forces at the hands of the Nazis. Also adding depth to what is otherwise a generic “triumph of the anti-social underdog” narrative is the issue of Turing’s closeted homosexuality.

His closeted existence is the basis for a framing device that eventually brings the film to a surprisingly potent conclusion,

especially if you don’t know the story beforehand. But it also will make one realize that the story that arguably justified a biopic, that of a motley group of young men (and one woman) helping to win World War II by virtue of their genius, is noticeably less interesting than what happened after they broke said code. The notions of a world-changing hero being condemned first by the classified nature of his work and then by the bigoted social standards of the day are a potent and powerful one. The film’s second half is significantly stronger than its first half, as the potent, if obvious, notion of a man who could break all secrets eventually undone by his own perilous secret, gives the picture a satisfying wrap-around.

The acting is fine across the board, even if the character development is a little thin. Cumberbatch takes what is obviously a star vehicle and runs with it. I would only criticize his work as being all-too-similar to his star-making performance in BBC’s Sherlock because I’ve seen him so explicitly different elsewhere in the likes of Tinker Tailor Soldier Spy or War Horse. That the early portions of the film presents an Alan Turing who seems to be channelling a slightly more dramatic variation on Jim Parsons’s Sheldon Cooper in The Big Bang Theory may not be a fair criticism for reasons of historical accuracy and historical precedent, but nor can such qualms be immediately tossed aside sans comment. Nonetheless, Cumberbatch is such an engaging presence that it’s obvious why he is so coveted by Hollywood for this big role or that big movie. In a purely artistic sense, he is a movie star through-and-through.

Keira Knightley is as good as the material will allow her to be, but aside from one strong emotional beat late in the game she is basically “the girl” in a film full of important men, even as the film touches on some of the absurd obstacles that face women in male-dominated fields even today (“I don’t have the luxury of being an asshole.”). The rest of the cast fills out fine, as Matthew Goode and Mark Strong offer strong support both narratively and artistically, but this is Cumberbatch’s show through-and-through. The film, and frankly his performance, vastly improves as Turing’s arc moves away from the “anti-social genius one-ups his more conventionally-bred colleagues” bits, but I would lying if I didn’t admit that the film’s best material were the bits and pieces outside of the core narrative.

With the exception one a few Mark Strong bits (he plays an MI6 head who always seems to be one-step-ahead of everyone else) and one fantastic “fog of war” moment that occurs right after the code is broken, the best material comes in the wrap-around and the flashbacks to Alan’s doomed childhood. While that might sound like a criticism, it is to director Morten Tyldum and writer Graham Moore’s credit that said sequences are included in a film that runs a relatively tight (for a year-end drama) 114 minutes.

This is the conundrum of the Oscar season. Do I think The Imitation Game is among the year’s best films or contains the year’s

best performances? Absolutely not, but that should not be held against the film that is, warts and all, an intelligent and mostly entertaining historical drama. I cannot and will not penalize The Imitation Game for not being great, but rather I will respectfully praise it for being good.

I wish it had more than one token female character, I wish the first half didn’t explicitly follow convention, and I wish the film itself were a little more open about Turing’s sexuality (he engages in not a moment of homosexual activity in this film) considering how harsh it (correctly) judges those who would condemn him for it. But that’s as much about the film I wanted as opposed to the film I got. The Imitation Game is a pretty solid film that defies it’s obvious formula by highlighting the moral contradictions of our not-so-ancient history.

Now for a little fun. In the film, a crossword competition is mentioned to attract suitable recruits to Bletchley Park. This is the actual crossword used by the Daily Telegraph in conjunction with MI8 and was all done and dusted in 12 minutes.

Answers next month

**TELEGRAPH CROSSWORD 5,062**  
**13 JANUARY 1942**

1		2		3		4	5		6		7		8
9						10							
						11							
12						13			14				
						15							
16						17		18	19				
						20							21
						22		23			24		
25		26						27					
28				29		30			31				
32								33					
34								35					

**Across**  
  
1 A stage company (6)  
4 The direct route preferred by the Roundheads (5,3)  
9 One of the ever-greens (6)  
10 Scented (8)  
12 Course with an apt finish (5)  
13 Much that could be got from a timber merchant (5,4)  
15 We have nothing and are in debt (3)  
16 Pretend (5)  
17 Is this town ready for a flood? (6)  
22 The little fellow has some beer; it makes me lose colour, I say (6)  
24 Fashion of a famous French family (5)  
27 Tree (3)  
28 One might of course use this tool to core an apple (6,3)  
31 Once used for unofficial currency (5)  
32 Those well brought up help these over stiles (4,4)  
33 A sport in a hurry (6)  
34 Is the workshop that turns out this part of a motor a hush-hush affair? (8)  
35 An illumination functioning (6)

**Down**  
  
1 Official instruction not to forget the servants (8)  
2 Said to be a remedy for a burn (5,3)  
3 Kind of alias (9)  
5 A disagreeable company (5)  
6 Debtors may have to this money for their debts unless of course their creditors do it to the debts (5)  
7 Boat that should be able to suit anyone (6)  
8 Gear (6)  
11 Business with the end in sight (6)  
14 The right sort of woman to start a dame school (3)  
18 “The war” (anag.) (6)  
19 When hammering take care not to hit this (5,4)  
20 Making sound as a bell (8)  
21 Half a fortnight of old (8)  
23 Bird, dish or coin (3)  
25 This sign of the Zodiac has no connection with the Fishes (6)  
26 A preservative of teeth (6)  
29 Famous sculptor (5)  
30 This part of the locomotive engine would sound familiar to the golfer (5)





Twas a quiet night in the Hugh Briss household, which wasn’t surprising really, as Hugh was the only one living there. As the clock chimed, Hugh watched the milk bubble on the stove, comfortably in the knowledge that he had completed his mission to turn Bletchley Park in to a ghost of its past glory.

Looking off into the distance, past the blistered paint on the kitchen wall, a warm feeling pervaded his whole body. Smiling, he thought of all the visitors that would tire of reading yet another board of carefully prepared, Hollywood style half truths. Life was indeed good.

A light caught his attention, reflecting off the wall. In one smooth movement, he span round and pulled out his trusty .38 officers pistol from his James Bond style shoulder holster and aimed it at the shadow in the door way. Pulling the trigger, he watched as the figure crumpled and fell to the floor.

Hugh looked with disdain at the fallen figure, “Bloody hell, you’ll stain the carpet...” he whispered, whilst placing his trusty pistol back in its shoulder holster. Strolling over to the shadow on the floor, he crouched down and grabbed the man by the hair, lifting his head up.

“Who are you?” He ordered.

“I was the Messenger of Christmas past, and now...” the man gasped, “...you bloody well shot me.” His eyes flickered and his head suddenly dropped. Hugh dropped the head, whipped his hand on the carpet and stood up. He strolled into the kitchen, and wondered how he might dispose of the body. Grabbing a bin liner, he whisked back into the room only to be confronted with another man standing over the body of the recently deceased “Messenger of Christmas Past”.

For the second time that evening, Hugh pulled out his trusty .38 and raised it to the shadowy figure, “No don’t shoot...”, he heard him shout as he pulled the trigger. He watched in cold silence as the second figure dropped to the floor, slumping over the first.

Walking over, he crouched down and grabbed the hair of the second victim. “I guess you’re the Messenger of Christmas Present...”

All the man could do was nod in agreement, before the light faded in his eyes and he too joined the first in death. Hugh dropped his head and watched it flop back down. Smirking he stood up and walked back to the kitchen. Now there would be two dead bodies to deal with.

“Damn these messengers, always turning up on Christmas Eve.” Hugh bristled as

he waltzed back into the kitchen to get his milk, before it boiled dry. upon entering the kitchen he saw a shadowy figure of a man standing at his back door peering in. Again Hugh pulled out his trusty weapon, and shot the blaggard where he stood. The Gunshot rang out into the clear night, followed by a thud as the body went down.

“Damn bastard messengers of Christmas... why can’t you just leave me alone.” He heard a sound behind him, and span round to face three glowing figures. Pulling his weapon out again, he levelled on the central one and fired.

There was a loud bang, but nothing happened. He watched as the three spectres stood and scowled at him. The central figure floated towards him, pointing his scrawny finger.

“You shot the messengers of Christmas past, we were going to tell you nice things about your life, but now, nothing good will happen to you...only bad things...Starting NOW.”

The room dimmed as the spectres all faded, and Hugh was left in silence to contemplate his future. Outside his window he saw flashing blue lights, and suddenly the door was broken down. Still holding his weapon, he looked up at lots of police men as they surrounded him, all brandishing semi automatic guns.

“Drop the weapon...” Shouted one of the officers.

Hugh dropped the weapon, put his hands up and quietly said, “It was Scarlet in the dinning room, he told me to do it.”

# OH YES IT IS, OH NO ITS NOT.

Picture the scene of the family, mum, dad, three boisterous children all under 10, as well as two grandparents, all wanting to go to one of the local theatres for the Christmas season pantomime. And what a choice, the fantasy of Aladdin, Treasure Island, Sleeping Beauty, Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs. They had chosen Snow White mainly because of the TV stars on the cast list which, they knew, were all loved and admired by the family.

At least that is what they thought they had bought tickets for. But granddad, who was the one designated to buy the tickets, just relied on the show title and did not check it was the one he intended. Unfortunately he bought tickets for the local amateur dramatics societies version of the show, where the agenda of the company of rusty players was to inject gritty, not to say dour reality into the old story. In fact agenda was the driving force in the production because you see the company concerned was the BP re-enactors. A humourless bunch who believed that fantasy should be bent to the truth rather than the other way around.

The concept of the name Snow White was taken as a literal moral compass as well as

person and, of course, Hugh Briss had to play the part as a upright moral crusader, that he sees himself as, trying to keep his workforce of adoring acolytes, smaller mortals, on the straight and narrow of truth to the official, and manicured version, of the old story of gem mining for codes and cyphers.

As to the wicked witch then a small group of ex-volunteers at the mine, gem-code-face, were blackmailed into taking part, and obscuring or debasing their inner feelings, in the hope of earning a stay of banishment. The single bad person in the original fairy story was transposed into a large coven of witches so as to represent all the bad characteristics such as not sticking to the script, mentioning the unmentionable TNMoC, being disrespectful to Hugh Briss and his smaller mortals, not blindly following the precepts of the agreement (that apparently is not a contract although it clearly is (very pantomime that, “oh yes it is, oh no its not,” etc, etc, etc.

Spare a thought for the poor mirror who, when confronted by Hugh Briss, all dressed up as snowy Snow whiter than White, had to not burst out in disrespectful laughter and lie about him being the most moral and upright of all.

Needless to say this version of the story did not have the usual story ending and descended into a seemingly never ending, no happy ending, version of Sleeping Beauty.

The family were traumatised by the experience, granddad was banned from buying the tickets in the future, and the family needed counselling. Be careful of what you wish for and especially of buying a pig in a poke.





# COMPLAINTS ABOUT CHRISTMAS ‘STARTING EARLIER THAN NORMAL’

People have started to complain about Christmas starting much earlier than normal far earlier than normal, according the researchers.

“I noticed it the other day,” said office worker Simon Williams.

“I was in Marks and Spencer and these two old ladies were talking about how it was far too early to have a Christmas display up.”

“I can’t remember ever hearing someone complain about Christmas starting much earlier than normal as early as this before.”

“It’s usually around November,” added Serena Greene from account.

“The bit after Halloween is the traditional period for complaining that Christmas has started much earlier than normal.”

“But this year we have been hearing complaints that Christmas is starting much earlier than normal from mid-October, even late September.

## Christmas starting earlier

For some people, complaining about Christmas starting much earlier than normal can’t come early enough.

“Oh no, I love complaining about Christmas starting much earlier than normal!” said Christopher Paul of East Sussex.

“I don’t think it’s ever too early to complain about

Christmas starting much earlier than normal.”

“In fact, I had a bit of a moan-up this week when the wife asked if I fancied Turkey this year.”



HUMBUG

This year has seen a significant trend towards complaints about Christmas starting much earlier than normal starting much earlier than normal.

The earliest recorded complaint about Christmas starting much earlier than normal was in 2006 when Julian Brown mentioned to his wife Teri that ‘it was far

too early to think about whose parents to go to.’

# BLETCHLEY PARK CHRISTMAS EVE

MAVIS MARR recalls arriving at Bletchley Park Christmas Eve 1942

I was called up to Northampton ATS Training Centre in October 1942. I was there for 6 weeks and at the end of six weeks we were posted. They tried to post you to somewhere you were niche to. On my papers my job was Lettering Artist, which I was for a printing firm, which I had been doing for some years. They said right, 'We will try and find a niche for that, somewhere.' After six weeks there wasn't anything, so I was there for another couple of weeks. One day I was call to the JC and she said, 'We've had a call from a very top secret location wanting someone who can letter, and that's all we know, would you take it?' So I said, 'Yes please.' Sort of anything to get out of the training camp and so I got this call to report to Bletchley Park, it was Christmas Eve actually, 1942.

I made my way from Northampton; don't ask me how, I can't remember. I got to Bletchley sometime roundabout midnight, got off the train, everything was in darkness, but there were some iron steps going over the bridge. So I went up there and that led me to a gate, which I pushed open. There wasn't a soul about, I walked through and had no idea where I was of course, but there was this big house in front of me. Nobody about so I walked up to this big house, carrying my kit bag, up the steps into the door. Everything was deadly quiet, then somebody came into view and said, 'What the hell are you doing here?' So I produced my thing. 'Christ!' he said, 'You are not supposed to be here.' Anyway, they contacted Hut 3 somehow, and I went this whoever he was to Hut 3, and there was, I think it was Captain Morrison, I can't think of the others, but they were all people in charge of parts of Hut 3.

They took one look at me and said, 'Oh God, we had better send you home until after Christmas.' Anyway I don't know what happened, I can't remember quite how it was but I finished up on my parents’ door step next morning, they nearly had a fit. So I stayed there until they called me back, I think it was only a matter of a day. I hadn't a clue what it was all about and I can’t remember a great deal about the beginning, but the idea was Captain Morrison said, they wanted someone to make legible labels to put up on the wall showing positions of different things, and that is what I did. You could understand why they wanted someone who could make it legible, because sometimes it was way up there. I spent most of my time climbing up the wall.

There was another girl who came later on, so there were two of us who were sharing the shifts, can’t remember much about her. Every now and then when you went off shift, and left things as they were of course or altered things because something had happened, and get back next morning to hear, ‘Come on Mavis we've got to take this lot down.'

make it  
merry  
make it

MOJUD

A word to every Santa from Portland to Atlanta! To make the lady's Christmas Merry, give her *Mojud* stockings. The stockings with Magic-Motion . . . extra "give" and spring-back in the knit.

★ Magic-Motion means longer wear, and more fabulous fit from top to toe. Is your Christmas belle tall, tiny or in-between? Ask for the Mojud stocking length made especially for her!

*stockings by*

MOJUD

★ Remember, there's lovely Christmas lingerie by Mojud, too

★ At good stores everywhere.  
Or write *Mojud Hosiery Co., Inc.*,  
385 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.





It did not take long for the miss-management at Bletchley Park to begin their regular volunteer cull this month. The first for the chop was a former resident of the Park during WW2. As prophesised in last month’s Bugle, a new rule banning ALL persons connected with Bletchley Park, past, or future, from writing about their experiences came into force and was instantly used by the BP SS. It has been noted that breaking this rule would result in instant dismissal and BPT were more than eager to try it out as soon as possible.

All he did was to write about his child hood memories of life with his sisters during the war. Then low and behold, as soon was it published, the Bletchley Park Secret Police turn up and drag him off the street for interrogation. In a scene more reminiscent of 1940’s Berlin or Stalinist Russia he was informed that he had broken the unofficial secrets act and that all knowledge of events from 1039 to 1945 was now the intellectual property of BPT. For several hours he was questioned by the SS and it was repeatedly suggested to him that he should burn all copies of the book along with the original draft of the book, however he managed to resist them and refused to capitulate.

He was eventually released from BP custody after intervention from the human rights commission and the UN’s secretary general Kofi Annan. However he is now forbidden to enter Bletchley Park or to come within 500 feet of any boundary. The ultimate fate of the book is unknown; all depends on the high paid team of crack lawyers assembled by BTP, paid for out of the lottery grant.

Big Brother is with us.

## THE COMPARISONS BETWEEN SANTA AND HUGH BRISS

1. When a volunteer ask Santa for something, the odds of receiving what you wanted are infinitesimal, with Col. Briss, it’s impossible.
2. Santa seldom answers the volunteer’s you email, Col. Briss never answers the volunteer’s emails.
3. Santa seldom answers the volunteer’s mail, Col. Briss never answers the volunteer’s mail.
4. Santa gets all the stuff he’s got from kind hearted people and Elves, - Col. Briss’s Daddy left it for him!
5. Santa cheers up the volunteer - Col. Briss craps on them!
6. Santa laughs to cheer up the volunteer - Col. Briss laughs at the volunteer!



Col. Briss’ Favourite Santa

7. You can bank on Santa saving your soul - You can bank on Col. Briss saving the soul of Barclay’s bank!
8. Santa is popular with the volunteer - Col. Briss is Voluntary popular!
9. Santa thinks nothing of breaking into your home - Col. Briss is not interested in who breaks into your home, his is safely guarded!
10. Nobody knows who Santa has to answer to for his actions - Col. Briss couldn’t give a toss about who he has to answer to!

## GENOCIDE AT BLETCHLEY PARK

By Leon de Lionhart

Continuing from last months article on the Draconian hierarchy of the park we continue:

I have, myself, full confidence that if we all do our duty if nothing is neglected,  
And if the best arrangements are made,  
As they are being made,  
We shall prove ourselves once again able to defend the home of code breaking,  
To ride out the storm of war,  
And to outlive the menace of tyranny,  
If necessary for years,  
If necessary alone.

At any rate, that is what we are going to try to do. That is the resolve of Bletchley Parks volunteers every one of them. That is the will of the volunteers and the visitors. The Private Exhibitors, Guides and the Volunteers, linked together in their cause and in their need, will defend to the death is hollowed soil, aiding each other like good comrades to the utmost of their strength. Even though large tracts of Park and many old and famous Huts have fallen or may fall into the grip of the current tyranny and all the odious apparatus of the BP Management, we shall not flag or fail.

We shall go on to the end,  
We shall fight for the Park,  
We shall fight on the lake and lawns,  
We shall fight with growing confidence and growing strength in our words,  
We shall defend our Park,  
Whatever the personal cost may be,  
We shall fight on the car parks,  
We shall fight on the tennis courts,  
We shall fight in the blocks and in the bushes,  
We shall fight in the Mansion,  
We shall fight in the huts,  
We shall fight into the cottages;

We shall never surrender, and even if, which I do not for a moment believe, this Park or a large part of it were subjugated and starving, then our Friends beyond the seas, armed and guarded by the British Veterans Association, would carry on the struggle, until, in God’s good time, the New World, with all its power and might, steps forth to the rescue and the liberation of the Park from the current tyranny.”

Now this is not the end. It is not the end of the beginning. But without your help and support, it will be the beginning of the end of Bletchley Park as a visitor attraction We all need to stand up and do our duty and bring down this current regime imposed by the board of trustees and implemented so ruthlessly by the this current management.

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more, standing together and we move as one.

Raphael Lemkin 1944,

Genocide:

*A coordinated plan of actions aiming at the destruction of essential foundations of the life of national groups, with the aim of annihilating the groups themselves. The objectives of such a plan would be disintegration of the political and social institutions, of culture, language, national feelings, religion, and the economic existence of national groups, and the destruction of the personal security, liberty, health, dignity, and even the lives of the individuals belonging to such groups*

## SQUASHED SATSUMA AND SOME WALNUTS’ IS THIS YEAR’S TOP CHRISTMAS MUST-HAVE

Eager shoppers are setting up camp outside Hut 4 today in order to be first in the queue for the release of this year’s must-have Christmas gift: a squashed satsuma and some walnuts.

‘2014 is the year of nostalgia,’ believes Major Toady of Toady’s Festive Supplies. ‘Nothing beats the magic, after tossing aside the rest of your presents, of reaching down to the bottom of your stocking, pillow case or, increasingly these days, bin liner, to find the remnants of a small citrus fruit smeared over a walnut. It knocks your Playstation 4 into a cocked hat – cocked paper hats being another top seller this year.’

For consumer expert Professor Bombardeir Brown-nose, the shift from the obsession of expensive, mass-produced electronics to cheap grocery items, the economic downturn can only be partially explained by the economic downturn. ‘The British public is simply fed up to the back teeth with flashy gadgets; which half the time will be forgotten about by January, when a more up to date model comes up in the sales.’

‘What people increasingly want is to recapture the simple golden magic of Christmas – that rush of bygone ages when what you were hoping was an Action Man Green Beret kit turns out to be a badly bruised orange punctured by the shell of a Brazil nut – not that they come in shells nowadays, what’s all that about anyway?’





9.15am  
Christmas Greeting

A programme of carols by The Four Wicked Uncles  
Accompanied by The Denniston Quartet

Organist, Sid Sidewinder

9.30  
'Bleak House'

by Charles Dickens  
Adapted for Bletchley Park by Gestapo lil.  
THE END OF AN ERA  
In which there in some happiness and much tragedy

10.30  
Christmas Cinema:  
A Bridge Too Far!

Manic Comedy starring ~~Major Toady~~ and ~~Bombardier Brown-nose~~ as a pair of bungling detectives on the trail of missing Pegasus Bridge Exhibit

Detective Nash.....Major Toady  
Detective Timmy.....Bombardeir Brown-nose  
Man eating at buffet.....Tommy Briggs  
Bloke mowing lawn.....Don the Gardener

12.30pm  
Bungling Brothers  
Christmas Circus Festival

from Bletchley Park, Bucks

Headmistress and her Chimpanzees  
The Four Toadies  
Bungling Brothers' ponies  
The Kockupp Troupe  
A Circus Superman catching cannon balls

Ringmaster Commentator: Col. Briss

2.30  
Reflections

As Christmas Day fragments into being, a fragmented thought or two spoken by Major Toady

3.00  
The Queen

A Christmas Day programme in which The Queen of Edukashun talks at her minions

3.30  
Survival in Limbo

A true experience relived by, a former employee of the Park.  
Five years ago he was marooned in a cottage in West Bletchley, a remote building on the edge of the Home of the codebreakers: one of the most inhospitable places on earth. Earlier this year he returned to the Park to tell us the story of his epic fight for survival

4.55  
Final Score

Duty manager informs on how many visitors

5.00  
Closedown



6.00am  
Major Toady's Royal  
Christmas Lecture

A three hour lecture in which he disproves the existence of Santa Claus.

9.00  
Fifteen To One  
Quiz show

Duty Managers put volunteers through numerous tasks until only one manages to retain their job.

11.00  
Batch Of The Day

Live coverage of the Christmas evictions from BP.

12.00pm  
Plebs

Life as a volunteer at Bletchley Park.

1.00  
Being Human

The sad tail of Hugh Briss and his desire to become a real boy. He writes to santa for help but unfortunately he has been a very naughty individual

2.00  
ONE BORN EVERY  
MINUTE

BPT trustees and management explain why they do not need to worry about retaining volunteers or staff.

2.30  
Movie Premiere:  
A Muppet Briss' List

Harrowing drama starring **Liam Neilson** and **Kermit The Frog**. As World War II rages, Park CEO Hugh Briss takes time off from his museum to list all the new evictions

Hugh Briss.....Liam Neilson  
Itzhak Stern.....Kermit the Frog  
Amon Goeth.....Gonzo  
Emile Briss.....Headmistress  
Historian.....Major Toady  
Snitch.....Bombardeir Brown-nose  
Man eating steak.....Tommy Briggs  
Bloke leaning on rake.....Don the Gardener

4.30  
Blue Peter Christmas Special

Presenters Ms. Jeyes and Tommy Briggs show you how to make a Bombe machine using cardboard, string and sticky backed plastic

5.00  
Carols from Kings

Major Toady introduces a special programme of Carols from Hut 11

5.30  
Scarlett and Standon  
Christmas Show

Inept comedy from your favorite pair of clowns

6.00  
Movie:  
Dr Dolittle talks to Toad of Toad Hall

The Doctor meets Toad of Toad Hall, and asked him about his claims about predicting the future.

Dr Dolittle.....Don the Gardener  
Mr. Toad.....Dennis Falvey  
Rat.....Major Toady

8.00  
The Imitation Game  
Game show

BP Management try to fob off carboard cut outs as World War II artefacts



9.00am  
Bletchley Towers

When friends tip off the Briss' that there are a group of museum inspectors in town, Hugh sets out to be as nice and amenable towards the guests as possible. However, one particularly demanding visitor pushes him over the edge...

9.30  
Another Fine Mess

Standen and Scarlett tribute starring Majoy Toady and Bombardeir Brown-nose. Two friends attempt to go to a fancy dress contest as the comedy duo

11.00  
The Museum Of  
Curiosity

The Museum of Curiosity is a vast building with a mission statement of housing everything in the universe that is in some way curious (including, as it happens, the entire universe itself).

1.00pm  
Bless This House

Hugh Briss might love his staff, but he certainly doesn't understand them; Gestapo Lil is taking new pills, Tommy is borrowing the Headmistress's makeup, and Keisha, sidekick, doesn't seem concerned by any of it!

2.00  
Thursday Night Dinner

4 sitcom observing as twenty-something maths teacher Tommy goes around eating on the companies expenses

3.00  
Laughs In The Park

Major Toady, Don the Gardener and Tommy Briggs perform at Bletchley Park

5.00  
Closedown

8.30  
Come Dine With Me!

Fly on the wall documentary of the BP Staff annual Christmas party.

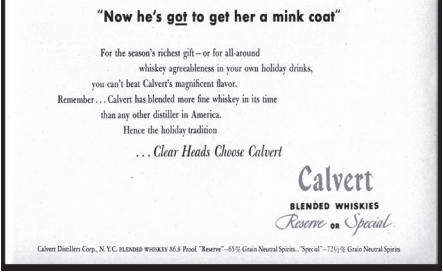
9.00  
Rome Alone

The Headmistress enjoys an all expense paid 3 day jolly to Rome

10.30  
Weather Update

10:35Closedown

May all your dreams come true this Christmas.







KEY TO YOUR LUCKY STARS: 1. Jack Benny  
2. Mary Livingstone 3. Phil Harris 4. Dennis Day  
5. Don Wilson 6. Rochester 7. Robert Montgomery  
8. Raymond Scott 9. Eileen Wilson 10. Snooky  
Lanson 11. Dorothy Collins 12. Clifton Fadiman.



Make it a "Happy-Go-Lucky" Christmas!  
Give cartons of Luckies!

L.S./M.F.T. - Lucky Strike Means Fine Tobacco



# LET US HAVE MUSIC *for* CHRISTMAS

**4 FAMOUS SONGS  
FOR PIANO WITH WORDS**

*None of which are Arranged as Piano Duets*

*Compiled and Arranged by*  
**HUGH BRISS**  
**.75**  
**BLETCHLEY PARK**  
**TRUST**





# In the Bleak Mid-winter

Jack Frost

♩ = 118

In the bleak mid - win - ter C E O's quite cross,  
Bletch - ley bu - gle's pa - ges have him at a loss,  
ed - u - ka - shun's mis - tress tried to calm him down,  
but he still in - sis - ted vol - un - teers should drown

2.  
Ed-u-ka-shun act-ed  
Priggs was on the case,  
with his free Su-zu-ki  
driving at a pace.  
Go-ing to a par-ty  
bound to stuff his face,  
Ho-tel bills are end-less,  
Spend-ing at a pace.

3.  
Ma-jor Toad-ies try-ing  
to find ev-i-dence  
of the mu-sic play-ing  
o-ther side the fence.  
And the laugh-ing p'lice-man  
does-n't see the joke,  
all the o-ver staff-ing  
might give him a stroke.

4.  
Bom-bar-dier Brown-nose  
hard-ly comes at all,  
tired with all the ac-tion  
park be-gins to pall.  
Guides and vol-un-teers  
doubt they're want-ed now,  
Christ-mas cheer is miss-ing  
New Year too, lacks wow.



# Deck the Huts

Anon

$\text{♩} = 96$

Deck the Huts with poi-son i - vy, Fa la la la la fa la la la,  
 Deck the Huts with loads of rub-bish,

C E O's been far too live - ly, Fa la la la la fa la la la,  
 C E O's not been too slug-gish,

Hi - ring staff, the more the merr-ier, Fa la la la la la la la la,  
Vo - lun-teers will not be goo-d,

Just so long they act like a terr-ier, Fa la la la la la fa la la la

Collec-tions too\_\_\_ gone for\_\_\_ goo - d,

# While (Shepherds Watched)

Trad.

♩ = 144

While Vol - un-teers were in Hut 4, com - plai-ning, tired and hot, the

An - gel of the Trust came down and sacked the whole darn lot

2.

They tried a-ppeal-ing, but for-got  
that ev'ry-thing's sewn up,  
and wri-tten down in black and white,  
and tho-rough-ly tied up.

3.

So, join-ing all the o-ther stuff,  
that is e-vict-ed now,  
they had to take off bad-ges black,  
and leave with-out a row.



# Santa Claus is Coming To Town

Elf 'n' Safety

**Moderato**



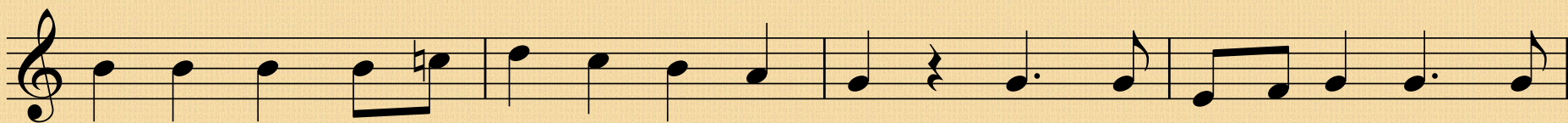
You bet - ter watch out, you bet - ter not cry, you bet - ter not pout I'm  
bug-ging your room, he's read-ing your mail, he's keep-ing a file and



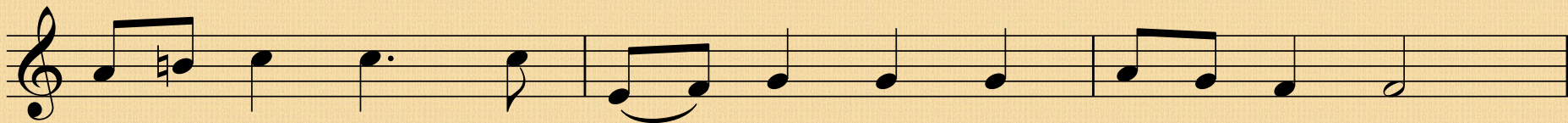
tell - ing you why, Colo - nel Briss is tap-ping your phone\_\_ He's phone\_\_ He  
run-ning a tail, Colo - nel Briss is tap-ping your



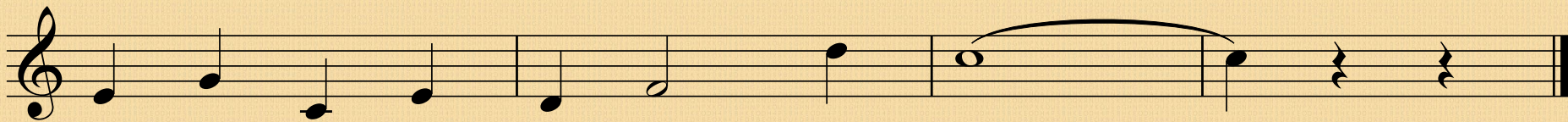
hears you in the toi - let, sur - veys you in Hut Four, and if that does not



get the goods, then he'll use pro - vo - ca - teurs. So you must not ass - ume, that



you are se - cure, on Christ - mas Eve he'll kick in your door,



Colo - nel Briss is tap - ping your phone\_\_\_\_\_